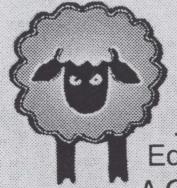


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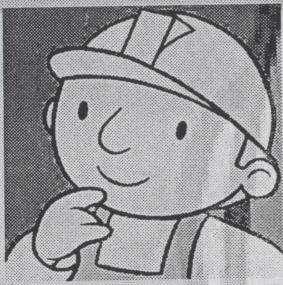
# THE OMEN!

Volume 24 Issue 7  
May 13, 2005

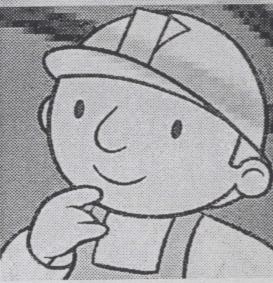


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The omen  
wishes to thank  
'Bob the Builder'  
for some really  
great Gin 'N  
Tonics!



## omen

Volume 24, issue #1!  
May 13 April 29, 2005  
**layout & editing**

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Indie Music Fiend  
Gives Good Head  
Flaming Narcissist

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)  
Do not necessarily (7)  
Reflect the staff's views (5)

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And be sure to read our policy  
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website! [omen.hampshire.edu](http://omen.hampshire.edu)

This room is such a god-  
damn fire hazard

Josh Hillard, on the PubLab

## A LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN MR. SHIT AND MRS. WALL

### Editorial

I have two more years before I write a goodbye article (unless, of course, I run screaming from the editorship in preparation for some sort of competent Div III. We shall see). How utterly depressing. Also, I'm not even leaving the area this summer – I'll be in NoHo (as the kids call it these days) getting my dork on. As the folks running *Ambergris* were kind enough to point out in their editorial, nobody reads the editorial anyway (except for a few faculty members who read my last editorial about independent studies – go figure), so I guess it doesn't matter if I have anything to say goodbye to in this "farewell" issue of sorts. I'm fresh out of pseudo-famous indie band connections to parade around in print so I guess that's out for a way to fill this space, too.

by Abby Ohlheiser. **Editor-in-Chief** This year, Hampshire says goodbye to the last vestiges of the "old" Div I plan. The aforementioned interaction with a faculty member based on my rant on independent studies led to a discussion on this very fact, leading to the conclusion that it will be very interesting to see how this affects next year's Div III work (from the very first class to complete the "new" Div I program), not to mention the work that will come out of those students who will not have the standards set by this class (from what I saw in a hat trick film screening last night, said standards are VERY high and very awesome from this year). I hope the classes of 06 and 07 can produce some things that keep work at such a high level.

The whole point of my somewhat disorganized rambling on independent studies was to get out some of my frustration that has built up after one year in Div II. I feel like Div II has become "take 12/14/16 classes and then start your Div III", and I really wish more independent work would be encouraged, although the aforementioned faculty member was kind enough to point out that if everybody took advantage of the

program as the faculty/student stands at the moment, it would become overloaded and fail. In addition, the old Div II seemed to have a low minimum. Take five classes, do a little arts and crafts project, and congrats! You're ready to pass your studio arts div III! Now, students are taking more classes, but it seems as if that's all students are doing, from my perspective. A student should be able to have only five classes in a Div II as long as they have completed enough independent work/internships/field study work to create a substantial body of material and – most importantly – prepare themselves for competent Div III work. Taking a lot of classes in order to pass Div II sets a standard. It tells you "This is a Division II. This is the minimum accepted." In return, it asks for relinquishment of some control of the student's decision on what their Div II consists of. A lot of small liberal arts schools allow for the creation of a major, so long as the student can support it with enough course work. A Hampshire Div II should be more than that. It should allow a student to decide not only how many subjects, ideas, and disciplines they are combining in order to study what they want, it should also allow them to study or create how they want, if that makes sense.

In our current system, it is still possible to complete independent work, field studies, internships, etc. I do know quite a few people who are doing it. The problem is, I think, the lack of encouragement to explore the options available at Hampshire. The study abroad program has been in a sorry state for years, and a lot of Hampshire's resources are unknown to most of the student body. There has to be a way to balance Hampshire's current incapability to support all students taking advantage of all Hampshire's options and letting students access them if they choose to do so, as well as a balance between high standards and flexibility.



## policy

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

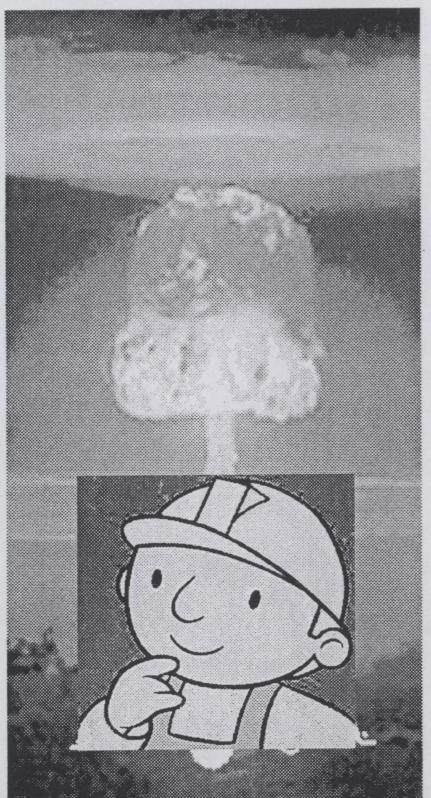
The Omen will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Bridge Cafe at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.





## SECTION HATE

We hate so you don't have to.

## A QUESTION You SHOULDN'T ASK AN INTERNATIONAL STUDENT

In recent times, I've been 'entertained' by a number of variations of a silly, obvious and ignorant question I get asked (as do, I imagine, many other international students) by faculty, staff, students... you name it. Here it is:

*"But - you must/don't you miss your family, friends and/or home?"*

Now, for those of you in disbelief, I do in fact get asked this question quite often. Of course, I realize this question most often comes out of *compassion* and *empathy* from the (profound) realization of the more pronounced psychosocial trials that international students face as a result of being (a lot more) distanced from their families, community, culture, dachshunds, Ninja Turtle dolls and so on.

As such, you may be inclined to think of me as 'mean' in lashing out against such goodwill, even if it is – as is most often the case – superficial. This may well be a valid opinion, but, in my opinion, it is as ignorant as the question that begets it.

So, the conventional answer I would give to someone who asked me this question is a fairly mild, no-nonsense, efficient and straightforward answer to the tune of:

*"Yes, of course, but you know – OMG, that squirrel just got was-sassinated!"*

Ok, I confess, I actually use the above as a pickup line, but I think you get the idea. The point being that while my replies are typically conformist, I would actu-

ally like to summon (as the E-G4 intern, Rose, has been known to do) a door with a dramatic drop behind it and then kindly show the questioner to it (such that he/she falls in to it).

As for people asking such questions out of 'innocence' and 'empathy' I think this is comparable to the instance of someone being so politically correct that they come off as being unbearably annoying. In such cases, as I imagine has been experienced by a great number of students on campus, all you really want to do is do a double-jump, triple-swivel, quadruple-somersault ninja kick in to their abdomen (you know it).

As both instances show, impetuous compassion of this nature might turn out to be the very converse of what you had intended (you know, like Iraq). I should also say that using such questions as superficial 'conversation fillers' are so parochial that they end up being pernicious. This is probably merits toleration coming from the demographic that frequents the Eric Carle Museum, but certainly not from a college student.

In any case, as my (extensive) account shows, ignorance too is worthy of (my) compassion, or as I like to think of it, my 'compassionate elitism.' So, in sum, even if sincerity renders you a bigoted buffoon, in being so, you may inadvertently ease the spread of an endemic swathe of superficiality that threatens our collective sanity.

by: A. Niles Fernando



JOSH : ALL YOUR BASE ARE BELONG TO ME.

by: Josh Hillard

If you were lucky enough (or perhaps unlucky enough) to pick up the most recent copy of *The Climax*, you might have noticed the front page article concerning a group of students that are seeking to organize a "Work-Study Advocacy Group". *The Climax* opens the article with: "Hampshire College students who work on campus do not currently have their own forum for addressing the problems and issues they face as student-workers." As a student-worker for four semesters, I would like to ask all those involved this: What 'problems and issues' are you referring to? For the most part, we (student-workers) work ridiculously easy jobs and earn minimum wage.... What is the problem or issue here?

The article continues by quoting Donald Jackson, advisor of this group, as saying the group will "bring together work-study students, and students who work on campus, so we can advocate for common needs – things involving pay, relationships with other students who are customers, distribution of work-study hours, and job availability." Man, I have to agree, there are such crippling problems with \$6.75 an hour, an average of ten hours a week, and interacting with your peers, that work-study jobs are nearly a death sentence. Give me a break. You all work (myself included) easy jobs such as monitoring a building, working in the library, working in the post office, or making coffee in the Airport Lounge, which can collectively be referred to as doing your home-

work for minimum wage.

Is this really such a large problem that it deserves a student advocacy group? Is there any problem at all? Or are you just wasting your time and others' time in order to feel like there is some sort of purpose in your life? All of this reminds me of that 'Save Tenzin Delek Rinpoche' silliness. Nice thought there, trying to save someone's life, but really, do you think anyone gives a damn about what you think of Chinese politics? Posting shit all over the Hampshire College Campus gets you, and him, *no where*.

It's this false sense of importance that many Hampshire students seem to carry around that gets me; the sense of importance that only grows when they jump feet first without looking into some type of social movement. Realize your place in life right now: you are a middle-class to upper-middle class student at a liberal arts school in Amherst, Massachusetts. You are not some kind of freedom fighter (as some student here thinks he/she is, as they recently filled out a survey mentioning they were planning on concentrating on "Revolutions" while here at Hampshire. Seriously, I am not joking, though I almost wish I was).

Just take a look a little deeper into the same issue of *The Climax*, and you will see what I mean. On page five, one writer describes her experience with protesting against the IMF (International Monetary Fund). She describes "an activist drum performance" and how the protesters performed a "beautiful

display of anti-capitalist" marches and such. Communist hippies. I shake my head in general amusement at your antics. You and your six friends can protest all you want down in D.C. – because no one who can really do anything about the IMF cares about what you do. (By the way, capitalism is here to stay, even though you may see it as a "wrongful and unjust" system. I sincerely can't believe that you can think otherwise.)

So to all of you involved in some foolish social movement: open your eyes for a minute and consider the reality of your impact on this world. Make a difference *where you can*, such as a local nursing home or soup kitchen, and at a place that truly needs help. Or just be a selfish bastard such as myself and write articles for the Omen, because the Omen rocks your socks off. I always have trouble finishing these articles, so I will end with a random quote this time: "They are in front of us, behind us, and we are flanked on both sides by an enemy that outnumbers us 29:1. They can't get away from us now!" - Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller, USMC

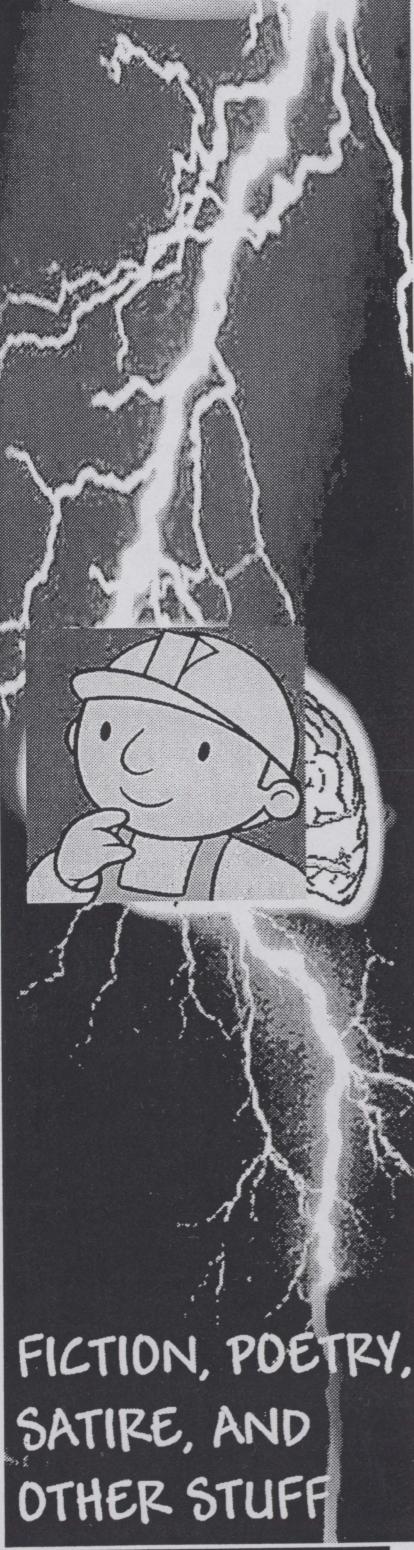
When the Marines were cut off behind enemy lines and the Army had written the 1st Marine Division off as being lost because they were surrounded by 22 enemy divisions. The Marines made it out inflicting the highest casualty ratio on an enemy in history and destroying 7 entire enemy divisions in the process. An enemy division is 16500+ men while a Marine division is 12500 men.



## ARTICLE MASTURBATION

May 13 — 2005

# SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,  
SATIRE, AND  
OTHER STUFF

## FRIJOLERO

For all you one-lingual people, I'll try to translate it, but is NEVER the same, I don't even want to translate it, actually I am not going to, but it is worth finding someone who would translate it for you.

Yo ya estoy hasta la madre de que me pongan sombrero escucha entonces cuando digo no me llames frijolero.

Y aunque exista algún respeto y no metamos las narices nunca inflamos la moneda haciendo guerra a otros países.

Te pagamos con petróleo e intereses nuestra deuda mientras tanto no sabemos quien se queda con la feria.

Aunque nos hagan la fama de que somos vendedores de la droga que sembramos ustedes son consumidores.

Don't call me gringo, You fuckin beaner stay on your side of that goddamn river don't call me gringo, You beaner.

No me digas beaner, Mr. Puñetero Te sacaré un susto por racista y culero. No me llames frijolero, Pinche gringo puñetero.

Now I wish I had a dime for every single time

I've gotten stared down For being in the wrong side of town.

And a rich man I'd be if I had that kind of chips lately I wanna smack the mouths of these racists.

Podrás imaginarte desde afuera, ser un Mexicano cruzando la frontera, pensando en tu familia mientras que pasas, dejando todo lo que conoces atrás.

Si tuvieras tú que esquivar las balas de unos cuantos gringos ran cheros Las seguirás diciendo good for nothing wetback?

si tuvieras tú que empezar de cero.

Now why don't you look down to where your feet is planted That U.S. soil that makes you take shit for granted If not for Santa Ana, just to let you know That where your feet are planted would be Mexico

Correcto!

Band/Artist: Molotov  
Album: Dance and Dense denso  
Song: Frijolero



Submitted/translated by Julio Sitges

by: Jacob Lefton

Skyler crawls out of my cup of tea.

"What were you doing in there," I ask. He looks wet, so I hand him my napkin to dry off.

"Have you ever wondered where Thor's drinking horn was connected to the ocean?" he answers. I can't say I have. He sits down on my orange to catch his breath. Faint chimes sound in the distance, and he dives back into the tea, disappearing beneath the milky surface.

"Hey, no!" I begin to protest, but it's too late. After a minute, there are no bubbles, and I remember that bubbles usually travel up in tea. He may have made it. Or not. I might have to rescue the intrepid diver from honey sharks lurking at the bottom of the cup, or something. I take a sip to bolster my spirits, and then dive in after him.

Tea on the inside does not look like tea on the outside. The milk was just a film covering the top, not clouding the liquid more than half my height under the surface. Because of this, it gets

dark really fast. I can no longer tell where the bottom of the cup is, and just when I realize this, the water becomes deathly cold and salty. I follow the bubbles through the surface.

I rub salt water from my stinging eyes and look up. The sky is nearly cloudless, a color we lost the name for somewhere in our piles of desolate grays, sad blues, and lonely whites. All around me is water, only disappearing when it pours over the slight curve of the horizon. The waves make lapping sounds around me, as if to angrily ask me, what am I doing, disturbing them like this. Skyler is nowhere to be seen.

Peeking back under water I see that sure enough, I am in the ocean. It goes down further than I can see, in all directions. I shivering in the cold water, I wish I could have brought the cup of warm tea with me.

Just when I am resigned to my fate of treading water for all eternity, a wave rushes up and engulfs me. I am tumbling head

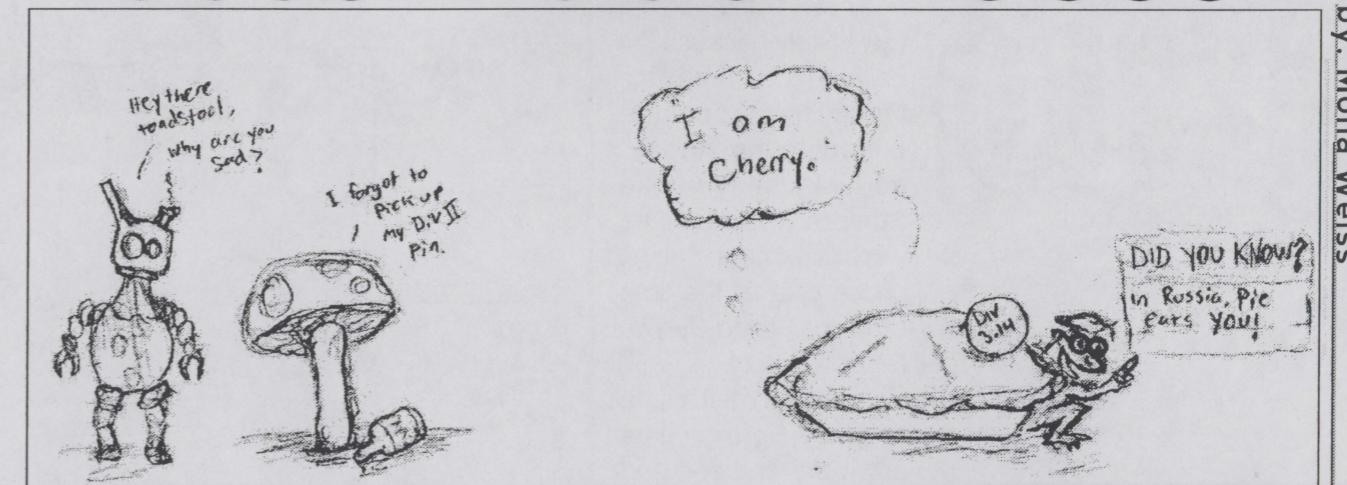
over heels to the point that I don't know which way is up any more. It doesn't feel like water any more, and than I splat on the carpet, soaked and shivering. There is a small waterfall of tea pouring off the edge of the table.

"Shit, sorry," says Skyler, standing barely taller than the overturned cup. "I accidentally knocked it over."

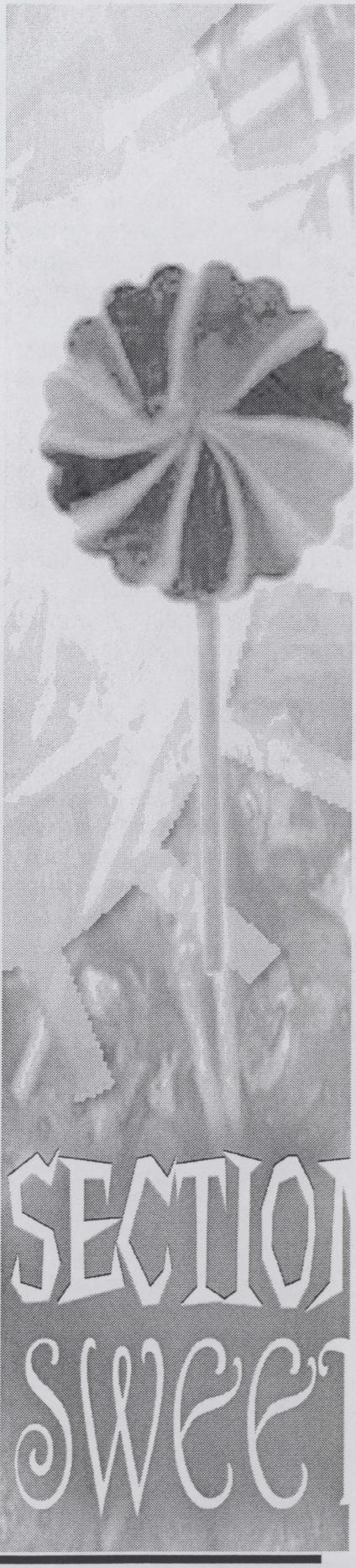
"I was drinking that," I inform him. The cup is dribbling sea water; the waterfall makes plip-plopping sounds on the floor. "Do you think if we just leave it like that, the entire ocean will drain?"

"That's not something I really want to find out," he says. I stand the cup up. "We ought to go put on some dry clothes," he says after a moment.

I help him into my sweatshirt pocket, and put the orange in there as well. Back in my room, I put the cup on a high shelf, so Skyler can't get into it again.



by: Mona Weiss



## FIRST POINTLESS ARTICLE EVER (ED.) IS AARON'S LAST

Done. Finito. Finished. Wrapped up. In the bag. Fin. Fini. On lockdown. Over. Spent. Vanquished. Kaput. Bien cuit. Four years and several hairstyles later we find our hero. Jane get me off this crazy thing, called college. The bell tolls for me. I am to be commence-i-matized. Finally I have developed the skills necessary to not forget my toothbrush. Also, paste.

Omenites, such as myself, typically become jaded and bitter as they pro/re/di-gress through the Hampshire *modus operandi*. The result: an article entitled 'Final Fuck-Yous', where the nascent Div Free rants at, curses, and generally heckles those peoples or organizations on campus that have added some degree of tumult to his/her life. For better or worse I probably couldn't make a decent go at such an article, save for one or two compelling soapbox orations involving some combination of the leadership center, FiCom, and the business office. This may be due to my unwillingness and/or inability to form (in my opinion) a cogent argument against an offender, but more likely because I'm neither jaded nor bitter. Quite the opposite, I tend to be happy-go-lucky, maybe like Screech would be if he were asexual and didn't chase Lisa all the time (2pts for Saved By The Bell reference).

So what's left for me to write? Fo mo years down the crapper, and

me with some sort of direction to my life in the foreseeable future. It'd be cool if I could give advice on how to find direction in one's life, but that shit might be too relative to individual situations. Alternatively I could get sidetracked and make strange onomatopoeic monkey sounds. Oook oook! That's cool, but not overly fulfilling. If I were smart I would've written the commencement speech I won't be giving, and just published it in this issue of das Omen. Would've explored the relevance and help-itude of Hampshire in Life, The Universe, and Everything. Indeed that would've been a worthwhile exercise in thought and philosophizing, but as you see by my repeated use of the conditional past tense it's not gonna happen. Maybe for my uber-bell ringing I'll subject my friends to such musings, but sadly it won't be now.

Y'knowwhat'dsuck?  
If your snot smelled like  
poo.

by: Aaron Buchsbaum



Well, yet another school year has come to an end and I for one would like to end this year's Omen output on a positive note. Unfortunately, the continued presence of George W. Bush in the White House combined with the gathering storm of right-wing theocratic fascism as represented by the so-called "Justice Sunday" conference is making it difficult for me to find a silver lining in all of this. Thus I am forced to turn to the one beacon of light in this dark, bleak, mindless, oppressive world: dark, bleak, mindless, and oppressive music. I wouldn't go so far as to say the following constitutes a top ten list since such things are inherently subjective and I might change my mind tomorrow. However, all ten of these albums should be included in your record collection if you don't want to be thought of as a hopeless poseur.

**Ire**  
I Discern An Overtone Of  
Tragedy In Your Voice

Traces of this classic album had been lurking within the recesses of my mind until resurfacing tonight during my weekly shift at the Dining Commons. I was listening to my MP3 player when the first track off this album, "Earth Ride," began playing. Goddamn, what a fucking great song! Hearing it inspired me to listen to the rest of the album that night, reminding me how utterly classic it was. How to explain... Well let me start by

saying that the album is about a half hour in length yet contains only four songs, so that should give you an idea of what lies in store. The music itself is a bottomless dirge, possessed with a certain sinister ambience, which is nicely accented by the intense vocals, which range from low-pitched growls to emotive wails. This is not your run of the mill hardcore group, as the first song clocks in at over eight minutes long, yet the music maintains a simplicity that might be marred by more technical influences. Don't let the length of the songs scare you off, however, as the music never becomes dull. I'm perfect proof of this as I usually have difficulty listening to anything over six minutes in length except as background music, yet I can truly say that this mind-addled product of the television generation was fully enraptured for the entire length of the album. This album remains highly underrated to this day by those unappreciative of the way in which this album manages to push the boundaries of hardcore music, fully indulging in sluggish tempos, simplistic instrumentation, and extended compositional structures to create a musical palette that manages to remain simultaneously punishing and poignant.

**Refused**  
The Shape Of Punk To Come

There are certain elements in the hardcore scene who

## 10 ESSENTIAL HARDCORE ALBUMS

would lambaste me for being "untrue" by including this album, since it was distributed by Epitaph Records. Fuck them. I don't really know what being "true" means, but I know a fucking good album when I hear it, and this is one of them. Simply put, this album was innovative as hell, breathing new life into a desiccated genre. From the classic opener "Worms Of The Senses / Faculties Of The Skull" to the jazzy breakdowns of "The Deadly Rhythm" to the full-on sonic assault of the title track, there are a plethora of memorable moments on this album. Especially effective is the track "Refused Are Fucking Dead," a hat-tip to the late, great Born Against, which manages to be extremely catchy, almost danceable even, while still maintaining the brutality of old-school hardcore. Electronica influences are also nicely incorporated throughout the album, especially in the opening of the most well-known track on the album, "New Noise." Lyxzen's vocal performance is also impeccable, eschewing the usual monotone screaming associated with the hardcore mainstream and changing things up with his singing voice. (He can still scream pretty damn effectively as well. Reference the track "Protest Song '68" for proof of that.) I hear Lyxzen's latest project, The (International) Noise Conspiracy, getting some love around campus when I walk into the campus store on occasion.

continued on page

continued from page 9

## HARDCORE ALBUMS . . .

I like TINC fine, but it leads me to wonder why the fuck I haven't heard this album played anywhere because if you have any of TINC's work, but don't own this, then there is something seriously wrong with you.

**His Hero Is Gone**  
15 Counts Of Arson

Probably not as musically accomplished as their excellent follow-up Monuments To Thieves, this album is nonetheless the release of theirs that sticks with me the most. Although Monuments more fully realized the potential of their sludgy, down tuned sound, I find myself missing the more high-paced, manic hardcore moments that are delivered on this album. Nonetheless, the standout songs are all of the slower type that fully realize their melodic potential, playing nicely off the muddy tone and low growling vocals. I mean, how could you argue with an album containing such classic tracks as "Epidemic," "Raindance," "Scalor," and my personal favorite, "Sterile Fortress," which perfectly captured their signature dark, brooding, and sludgy mood while maintaining the explosiveness of traditional hardcore? Of course, what is even more amazing than the album itself, which was an enormous influence on Southern hardcore groups like Damad and 1332, is the fact that most of the band members had not yet reached their apex, moving on to even bigger and better things.

**Born Against**

Nine Patriotic Hymns For Children / Battle Hymns For The Race War

Technically, this release constitutes two albums, but they are always packaged together, so I'm treating them as a single entity. Anyway, Born Against, for those not in the know, were one of the quintessential hardcore bands of the early 90's, when the scene had grown fairly stagnant, and had a shitload of influence on a lot of hardcore bands that followed. The music itself is delightfully sloppy, tuneless, untechnical, and thankfully free of melody while still managing to stay fairly catchy. This came out in the early 90's, so don't expect a great deal of overt metallic influence here. This is basically the archetypal hardcore template advanced to the umpteenth degree. The vocals are even kind of actually sung on a few songs as opposed to incomprehensibly screamed. However, unlike a lot of hardcore groups that took themselves far too seriously, Born Against were snotty and quite witty. For example, the cover of Nine Patriotic Hymns features a kitschy American flag logo accompanied with a sticker encouraging record stores to file the album under "Educational," one of the more classic pranks in rock and roll history. I don't know if it ever happened, but the thought of some born-again, white-bread Christian inadvertently buying this album thinking it was actually patriotic hymns for children brings a smile to my lips. If you consider yourself a fan of punk

music, this should be a required album in your collection.

**Undying**  
This Day All Gods Die

Undying was a late 90's band that pioneered an innovative hybridization that welded the melodic and technical elements of the Swedish death metal scene with the straight-ahead aggression of hardcore. Add the sick black metal influenced backing vocals playing off the traditional hardcore lead vocals and it all adds up to an undeniably classic album, albeit one with only five proper songs. However, this album represents their finest work, as well as the pinnacle of what the genre was capable of, and came out before the style had been played to death. Especially noteworthy is the interplay between the two vocalists on the fantastic title track as well as the numerous beautiful guitar solos interspersed throughout the album. Their next album and first full-length, The Whispered Lies Of Angels, had its moments as well, despite a few sections where the vocals got too clean and sounded cheesy. Don't bother with their latest album, which had a couple of decent songs, but was nothing special. The band went through a Napalm Death-like turnover, had to add a bunch of different members and kind of fell into a creative rut. That being said, nothing can take away from this effort, which continues to reign supreme.

continued from page 10

## HARDCORE ALBUMS . . .

**Initial State**  
Abort The Soul

This album was the only one put out by this group, which was basically Antischism reformed with a different bassist. (If you don't know who Antischism is, you should be ashamed of yourself.) However, while Antischism deservedly receives a ton of accolades for helping to blaze the trail for the modern-day American crustcore scene, Initial State is treated like Antischism's bastard stepchild, which is unfair because this album is arguably equal to, if not better than, anything Antischism ever released.

Anyway, the music on this album is quite a departure from Antischism's blunt, fast-paced thrashy punk, instead opting for a slower, heavier, more down tuned style reminiscent of many of their label mates on Prank Records. However, Initial State is still a bit faster paced than the likes of Damad or His Hero Is Gone, and even incorporates non-Western melodic influences in their instrumentation, such as the drumbeat on the song "Pagan Prayer." Another interesting track is the song "Eclipse," whose Eastern-tinged melody eventually breaks down into an orgy of destructive noise and frantic screaming. Also prominent is a noise-rock aesthetic, embodied within the noisy, jagged, and abrupt guitar work

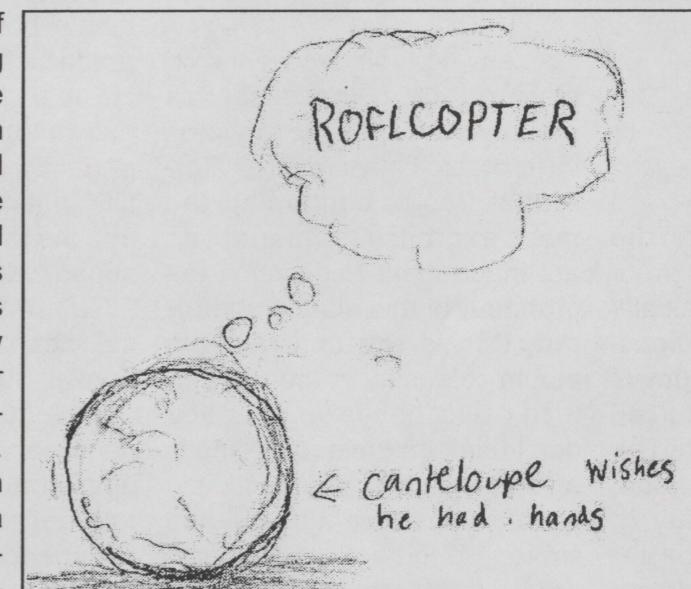
featured throughout the album. Other standout tracks include the title track, "Die Silent," and "Begin To Breathe." In summation, an innovative album overlooked even within the narrow confines in the hardcore/crust scene.

**Dystopia**  
The Aftermath

("They Live") with characteristic aplomb. However, what really elevates this album above the run of the mill extreme musical recording is perhaps the sickest, most tortured vocal performance in the history of music, far more chilling and effective than the usual generic metalcore screaming and lame, cheeseball death metal growls

that are purportedly supposed to evoke anger and fear in the listener. These inspired vocals blend perfectly into the bleak sonic milieu, which alternates between a creeping, foreboding melody and blistering spurts of uncontrolled fury.

**Nausea**  
Extinction: The Second Coming



This is technically a collection of all the stuff they released on vinyl and not a full-length album per se, but fuck it, it's going on the list. After all, this list wouldn't be complete without this recording, which manages to live up to the promise of the band's moniker. This is perhaps the bleakest, most oppressive music ever recorded. This album is metaphorically drenched in misanthropic rage, touching on such cheery topics as war ("Jarhead Fertilizer"), child abuse ("Diary Of A Battered Child"), workplace alienation ("Socialized Death Sentence"), animal experimentation ("Taste Your Own Medicine"), and fascism

One review of this album compared its impact upon the 90's American hardcore scene with the impact of the Sex Pistols Never Mind The Bollocks on the late 70's British punk scene. That is not an overstatement. If Nausea's sound comes off as fitting too closely within the crustcore mold, it's because they (along with Antischism) created that mold. Fans of the scene know the drill: hyperspeed thrashing punk rock layered with anarchist political polemic delivered via screaming male and female vocals. However, unlike their fellow pioneers in Antischism and their more traditional punk take on the crust genre, Nausea had a very

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## HARDCORE ALBUMS . . .

distinct metallic influence inherited from Al Long's other band, Misery, and ultimately Amebix, the godfathers of crust, which they combined with the speed of traditional hardcore. Anyway, this album was eventually released with the Cybergod EP appended to the end of it, which contains even more legendary slices of crustcore, as if you needed another reason not to be without this album.

### Catharsis Samsara

Another case where the follow-up album may have been slightly more musically accomplished and ambitious, but where the first album is just so irresistible I am forced to decide in its favor. (The follow-up is entitled *Passion*, and yes, you should buy it, because it's probably better than anything in your mediocre record collection.) Anyway, this album is both brutal and beautiful, managing to maintain the essence that draws one to abrasive music while stunning the listener with its sense of melody. The vocals carry the tone on this album, dripping with the angry, idealistic passion of disillusionment and capable of being both political and personal without coming off as too preachy or clichéd. Also nicely integrated are the brief sections of spoken word, which manage to be as brooding, intense, and explosive as the screamed sections of the songs and are seamlessly integrated into the overall musical framework. Also included with this album are five

tracks from their eponymous EP, which is not as consistent, but contains the essential track, "I Corinthians 1:18-26," one of the best metalcore songs ever recorded. If you are a fan of either punk or extreme metal, get this album without delay.

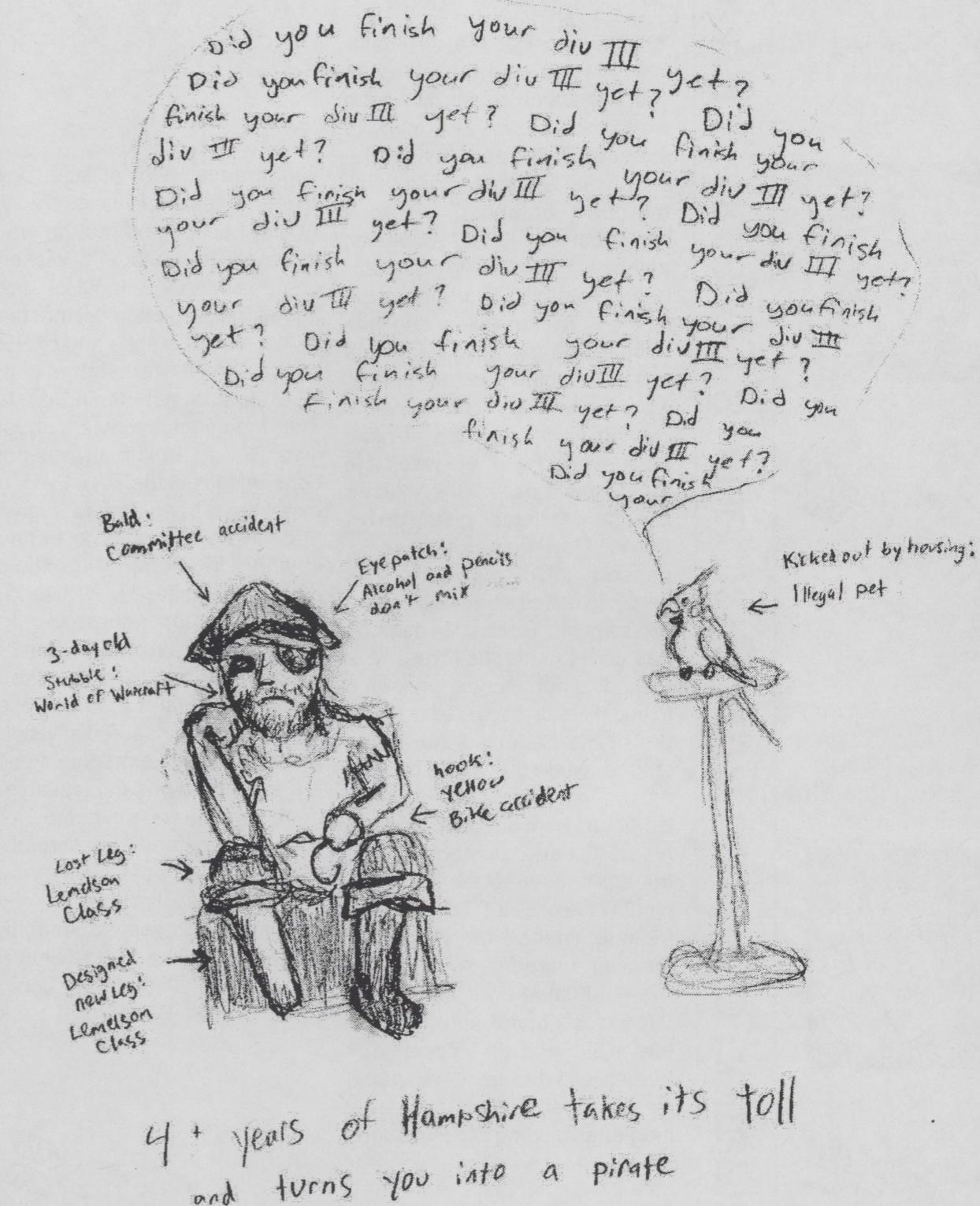
### Tragedy Vengeance

Leaving their excellent self-titled debut in the dust, this album is simply the ne plus ultra of radical hardcore. Torrential floods containing the most exorbitant superlatives are inadequate to describe the grandeur of this album. Simply put, this is the best fucking album released in the past fifteen years, hands down. If you don't think that this recording is an unqualified masterpiece, you should just shove a sharpened stake through both of your eardrums right now because you obviously shouldn't be listening to music. There is literally not one single flaw on this album. (Well, not musically, anyway, the track list on the back cover is fucked, unfortunately.) They even include two instrumental tracks and pull it off beautifully. Not one, but two instrumentals! On a hardcore album! (For those who don't know, hardcore instrumentation is typically boring as fuck.) Anyway, for those unfamiliar with the scene, Tragedy arose from the ashes of the iconic hardcore band His Hero Is Gone, but I think it is no exaggeration to state that this album blows away everything His Hero Is Gone ever accomplished, which to put it mildly,

is no small task, one which I might have deemed impossible if not for the tangible proof this album offers. The album itself is a fusion between the abrasive, anthemic hardcore of Discharge and the gloomy, melodic crust of Amebix flavored with the trademark oppressive sound inherited from His Hero Is Gone. The most startling aspect of the album, however, is the amazing production. It sounds extremely clean and the vocals and various instruments mesh together perfectly, especially given the DIY philosophy of the group and the fact that the album was supposedly recorded in a mere 77 hours! However, despite the cleanliness of the production, it never sounds slick or overproduced, maintaining the necessary sloppiness and ugliness that makes listening to this genre such a worthwhile experience. As I said before, there is not one weak moment on this album, but the strongest moments include the opening instrumental dirge on "The Lure," the screaming refrain that closes "Night Falls," the bridge of silence separating the two portions of the track "Conflicting Ideas," the best use of silence since Crass' "They've Got A Bomb," and the entirety of the songs "The Day After" and "To The Dogs." Best listened to at night in a dark room with a pair of headphones on so one can simply focus on the wretched beauty of the music. I try to listen to this album at least once every day. You should too.



by: Fonda Lucas and Mona Weiss



## Evaluation of Aaron Frey Buxbaum's Division III Project

Throughout the semester I have had the pleasure of watching Mr. Buxbalm work from a very, very intimate viewpoint. Indeed his analysis of the Glycemic Index was thorough, balanced, vigorous and satisfying. For a few weeks, anyways. It's mostly his methods I question. Throughout the last few months, A-nizzle has adopted what might some might call "disturbing" or "disruptive" working habits. He has taken to staying up terribly late at night most every day of the week. He insists that these midnight hours are spent toiling diligently on his Div III. However as the weeks passed, all of his hall mates began to notice some odd behavior from Mr. Boxbum. I fear he has developed, shall we say, a *habit*. It is not uncommon for me to find piles of discarded containers of his preferred substance stuffed inside the waste bin in a most shameful manner. What is it that has kept our dear buxballs his pert, perky upstanding self through the sleepless days and nights? He calls it "The Monster." Monster indeed Mr. Buxbooty, Monster *indeed*.

Just when I thought my dear, close friend and "hetero"-life mate couldn't spiral any further into darkness, new suspicions arose. Late into the evening after bidding Mr. Buxboobs adieu, I noticed a most peculiar

appearance. That of little, tiny shoes outside of his doorway. At first I suspected that he was making vile pacts with wicked gnomes all in the name of "science." Indeed I often felt that the multitudinous graphs and charts of his Div III were more akin to a satanic summoning circle than meaningful scholarly musings. But no, Buxboom was not consorting with the Dark Lord. (I might have been able to forgive that.) No apparently he began seeing a *woman* in the middle of his last semester of Div III. That's right, an honest to god human female. Who does that?? Believe you me, I was shocked and appalled (and scorned!) His betrayal of our sacred division III brotherhood (some might call it a tryst, really) is inexcusable. For shame on you Buxbom. For shame! Apparently his committee decided to pass him. It was only out of pity, I'm sure.

But, on second thought, he introduced me to cute Smithies. So he's alright in my book. Rock on Mr. Buxbimbo, rock on.

Joshua Marvel used to be a good man. I remember fondly our first year of good humour spent on Merril C1, he on Short and me on Long. He would labor and complain about various Digital Imaging projects, but through it all was a generally affable fellow and was able to keep his nose to the proverbial grindstone.

Then shit got ugly. I left for a year to do some serious studying in Ireland and Boston, which apparently was a huge mistake. Josh began a horrible downward spiral, beginning with alcohol and ending with horrible kinky sex involving small ceramic monkey statues. It pains me greatly to think of the screams I heard coming from his room, as every night a different innocent waif was waylaid by his disgusting nymphomaniacal disposition. You sick, sick fuck Mr. Marvel.

Let it be known I did not stand for this sort of activity. It lowered the reputation of our entire hall, and I swear to you on Josh's own raging phallus that every resident of D1 wanted

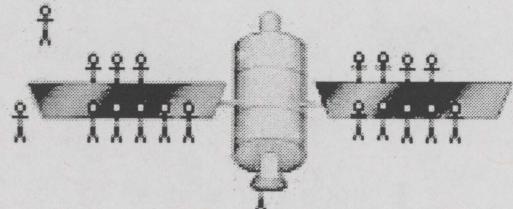
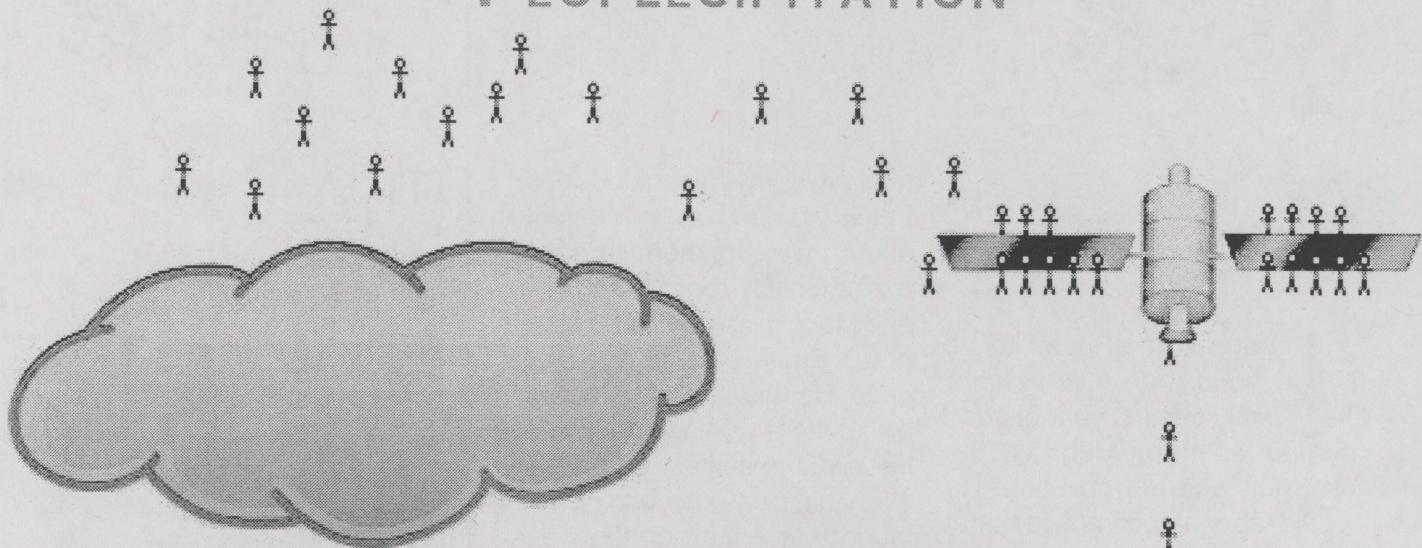
to kill this, my misguided friend. I pleaded his case, and eventually convinced them to simply excise Josh's room from Dakin, and place it instead in the center of the Smith College residential quad. He (thankfully?) met some broad there who seemed to sate his awful passions. For a while everything was fine, and he even found a little time on the weekends to work on his Div III.

Then he became infatuated with robots. See, Josh's Div III consists of water-color paintings which he converts to digital background for use in an 'experimental animation'. Lots of woods, and skies, and rolling hills... hippie shit like that. Then all the sudden he decides to fart robots in every scene, fighting each other and using giant dildos to... well, it's fucking awful.

I'll be honest; this is more a plea for help for my friend Josh Marvel than it is a Div III eval. I have never come across a more unstable, ADD-addled, hairy-toed, roid-raging cunt of a human being. My friends on D1 have started a weekly seance in his honor, but I don't think it's doing anything. More robots and more ceramic monkey-sex. Have you ever had sex with a ceramic-monkey!? I HAVE! AND I USED TO BE A LAWYER! Now look at me, a layout bitch for this fucking magazine. Goddamn you Josh Marvel. Nice Div III!

## Evaluation of Joshua Marvel's Division III Project

# PEOPLECIPITATION



*The Omen sez. . . .  
Happy summer you  
twitty little bugger-  
boos?! What're ya  
doin'? Try to avoid the  
satellite dishes and  
unnecessary space  
travely-bits! [heart]*

